3 3

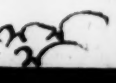
AN Arrant Thiefe.

Whom
Euery Man may Truſt.
In Word and Deed,
Exceeding true and iuſt.

WITH
A Compariſon betweene a Thiefe
and a Booke.

VVritten by Iohn Taylor.

LONDON,
rinted for *Henry Goſſon*, and a
to be ſold at Chriſt Church Gate.
1625.



THis Water *Rat*, (or *Art*) I would commend,
But that I know not to begin or end:
He read his Verſes to me, and which more is,
Did moue my Muſe to write *Laudem Authoris*,
If for his Land Diſcoueries * ſhe ſhould praiſe him,
Whither wold then his liquid knowledge raiſe him?
Reade his two Treatiſes of *Thiefe* and *Whore*,
You'le thinke it time for him to leaue his Oare.
Yet thus much of his worth I cannot ſmother,
'Tis well for vs when *Thieues* peach one another.
This Preface is but poore, 'tis by a boy done,
That is a Scholler of the Schoole of *Croydon*,
Who when he hath more yeeres and learning got,
Hee'le praiſe him more, or leſſe, or not a jot.

The Anna-gram of Ra. is Art.

**I touch not his trauaile to Scotland, Germany, or Bohemia, or the Paper Boat.*

Giuen vpon Shroue Tueſday from our ſeat, in the ſecond Forme of the famous free Schoole of Croydon.

By RICHARD HATTON.

WHen a Freſh Waterman doth turn Salt Poet,
His Muſe muſt prattle all the world muſt know it;
Of *Whores* and *Theenes* (he writes two mery Books)
He loues them both, I know it by his lookes.
Alas I wrong him: blame my muſe not me,
She neuer ſpake before, and rude may be.

Giuen from the low eſtate of the fift Forme neere to the Schoole doore at Croydon *beforeſaid,*

By GEORGE HATTON.

TO

TO THE HOPEFVLL PAIRE OF BRETHREN,

and my worthy Patrons, Maſter RICHARD, and GEORGE HATTON, Loue, Learning, *and true happineſſe.*

YOur Muſes, th'one a Youth, and one an Infant,
Gaue me two Panegyricks at one Inſtant.
The firſt Pen, the firſt line it pleas'd to walke in,
Did make my *Art* a *Rat*: and like *Grimalkin*,
Or a kinde needfull Vermin-courſing Cat,
By *Art* I play, but will not eate your *Rat*.
I thanke you that you did ſo ſoone determine,
To Anagram my *Art* into a *Vermine*,
For which I vow, if e're you keepe a Dayrie,
Of (now and then) a Cheeſe I will impaire ye.
Kinde Mr *George*, your Muſe muſt be exalted,
My Poetry you very well haue ſalted.
Salt keeps things ſweet, & make them reliſh ſauory,
And you haue powdred well my honeſt knа. &c.
I thanke you to, nor will I be ingratefull.
Whilſt Rime or Reaſon deignes to fill my pate full,

This Gentleman was pleaſed Anagrammatically to call me Water-Rat, for water Art, which I did Anagrammatize *Water-Rat*, to be *A true Art*.

You truely ſay that I loue *Whores* and *Theeues* well,
And half your ſpeech I think the world beleeues wel
For ſhould I hate a *Theefe*, *Theeues* are ſo common,
I well could neither loue my ſelfe nor no man.
But for *Whores* loue, my purſe would neuer hold out,
They'l cheat and pick the ſiluer and the gold out.
You both haue grac'd my *Thiefe*, he hath confeſſed,
You (like two *Shrieues*) conuay'd him to be *Preſſed*.
In mirth you write to me, on ſmall requeſting,
For which I thanke you both in harmleſſe ieſting,
And may your ſtudies to ſuch goodnes raiſe you,
That God may euer loue, and good men praiſe you.

Yours, when you will, where you will, in what you will, as you will, with your will, againſt your will, at this time, at any time, at all times, or ſometimes, in paſtimes.

IOHN TAYLOR.

To any Reader He or Shee,
It makes no matter what they be.

Hen you open this first leafe, Imagine you are come within the doore of my house, where according as you behaue your selues you are courteously welcome, or you may lay down the Book & go the same way you came: the flattering of Readers, or begging their acceptance is an argument that the ware is scarce good which the Author meanes to vtter, or that it is a cheape yeare of Wit, and his lyes vpon his hands, which makes him pitifully, like a Suppliant to begin Honorably complaineth to your Humblenesse. (*'tis but mistaken, the first should be last.*) *Some men haue demanded of me, why I do write vpon such sleight Subiects,* as the praise of Hempseed. The Trauailes of Twelue-pence. Taylors Goose. The Antiquity of Begging. A Cormorant. A Common Whore. And now an arrant Thiefe? *To whom I answer here,*

here, that many Graue and excellent Writers haue imployed their ſtudies to good purpoſes in as triuiall matters as my ſelfe; and I am aſſured that the meaner the ſubiect is, the better the Inuention muſt be, for (as Tom Naſh *ſaid) euery Foole can fetch Water out of the Sea, or pick corn out of full Sheaues, but to wring Oyle out of Flint, or make a plentifull Harueſt with little or no Seed, that's the Workman, but that's not I. And Gentlemen, as I lately ſent you a* Whore *that was honeſt, ſo I haue now ſent you a* Thiefe, *that will neuer rob you nor picke your pockets of more then you are willing to part withall.*

Yours at all good times:

IOHN TAYLOR.

A THIEFE.

I Lately to the world did send a [a] *Whore* (poore:
And shee was welcome, though shee was but
And being so, it did most strange appeare
That pouertie found any welcome here,
But when I saw that many rich men sought,
My *Whore*, and with their coine her freedom bought
I mus'd, but as the cause I out did ferrit
I found some rich in purse, some poore in merit,
Some learned Schollers, some that scarce can spell:
Yet all did loue an honest *Whore*, right well.
'Twas onely such as those that entertain'd her.
Whilst scornful *Knaues*, and witles *Fooles* disdaind
Now to defend her harmlesse Innocence, (her,
I send this *Thiefe* to be her iust defence
Against all true-men, and I'le vndertake
There are not many that dare answer make.
Then rowze my *Muse*, be valiant, and be briefe,
Be confident my true and constant *Thiefe*:
Thy Trade is scatt'red vniuersally.
Throughout the spacious worlds Rotundity,

[a] A B
writ
a *Wh*

For

A Thiefe.

For all eſtates and functions great and ſmall,
Are for the moſt part *Theeues* in generall.
Excepting Millers, Weauers, Taylors, and
Such true trades as no ſtealing vnderſtand.
Thou art a *Thiefe* (my Booke) and being ſo
Thou find'ſt thy fellowes whereſoeu'r thou goe,
Birds of a feather ſtill wil hold together,
And all the world with thee are of a feather:
The ods is, thou'rt a *Thiefe* by nomination,
And moſt of men are *Theeues* in their vocation.
Thou neither doſt cog cheat, ſteale, ſweare or lye,
Or gather'ſt goods by falſe diſhoneſty,
And thou ſhalt liue when many of the Crue
Shall in a Halter bid the world adue.
And now a thought into my minde doth fall
To proue whence *Theeues* haue their originall:
I finde that *Iupiter* did wantonly
On *Maya* get a ſonne call'd *Mercury*,
To whom the people oft did Sacrifice,
Accounting him the god of Merchandize:
Of Eloquence, and rare inuention ſharpe,
And that he firſt of all deuiſ'd the Harpe.
The god of Tumblers, Iuglers, Fooles and Ieſters,
Of *Theeues*, and Fidlers that the earth bepeſters,
Faire *Venus* was his Siſter, and I finde
He was to her ſo much vnkindely kinde,
That he on her begat *Hermaphrodite*
As *Ouid* very wittily doth write:
His wings on head and heele true Emblems be
How quick he can inuent, how quickly flee:

By

By him are *Thieues* inſpir'd, and from his gift
They plot to ſteale and run away moſt ſwift:
In their conceits and ſleights, no men are ſharper,
Each one as nimble finger'd as a Harper.
Thus Thieuing is not altogether baſe,
But is deſcended from a lofty race.
Moreouer, euery man, himſelfe doth ſhow
To be the ſonne of *Adam*, for we know
He ſtole the Fruit, and euer ſince, his Seed
To ſteale from one another haue agreed.
Our Infancy is Theft, tis manifeſt
We cry and rob our Parents of their reſt:
Our Child-hood robs vs of our Infancy,
And youth doth ſteale our child-hood wantonly:
Then Man-hood pilfers all our youth away,
And middle-age, our Man-hood doth conuay
Vnto the Thieuing hands of feeble age,
Thus are we all *Thieues*, all our Pilgrimage.
In all which progreſſe, many times by ſtealth
Strange ſickneſſes doe rob vs of our health.
Rage ſteales our *Reaſon*, *Enuy* thinkes it fit
To ſteale our *Loue*, whilſt *Folly* ſteales our wit.
Pride filcheth from vs our *Humility*,
And Lechery doth ſteale our honeſty:
Baſe *Auarice* our conſcience doth purloin, (ioyne.
Whilſt ſloath to ſteale our minds from worke doth
Time ſteales vpon vs, whilſt we take ſmall care,
And makes vs old before we be aware:
Sleepe and his brother *Death* conſpire our fall,
The one ſteales halfe our liues, the other all.

Thus

Thus are we robb'd by *Morpheus*, and by *Mors*,
Till in the end each Corps is like a Coarſe.
Note but the ſeaſons of the yeare and ſee
How they like *Thieues* to one another be
From *Winters* frozen face, through ſnow & ſhowers,
The *Spring* doth ſteale roots, plants, buds & flowers,
Then *Sommer* robs the *Spring* of natures ſute,
And harueſt robs the *Sommer* of his fruit,
Then *Winter* comes againe, and he bereaues
The Harueſt of the Graine, and trees of Leaues.
And thus theſe ſeaſons robs each other ſtill
Round in their courſe, like Horſes in a mill.
The Elements, Earth, Water, Ayre and Fire
To rob each other daily doe conſpire:
The fiery Sun from th'Ocean, and each Riuer
Exhales their Waters, which they all deliuer:
This water, into clowds the Ayre doth ſteale
Where it doth vnto Snow or Haile congeale,
Vntill at laſt Earth robs the Ayre againe
Of his ſtolne Treaſure, Haile, ſleete, ſnow or raine.
Thus be it hot or cold, or dry or wet,
Theſe *Thieues*, from one another ſteale and get.
Night robs vs of the day, and day of Night:
Light pilfers darkneſſe, and the darkneſſe light.
Thus life, death, ſeaſons, and the Elements,
And day and night, for *Thieues* are preſidents.
Two *Arrant Thieues* we euer beare about vs
The one within, the other is without vs,
All that we get by toyle, or induſtry
Our *Backs* and *Bellies* ſteale continually.

For though men labour with much care and carke,
Lie with the *Lambe* downe, riſe vp with the *Larke*,
Sweare and forſweare, deceiue, and lie and cog,
And haue a Conſcience worſe then any Dog,
Be moſt vngracious, extreme vile and baſe,
And (ſo he gaine) not caring for diſgrace:
Let ſuch a Man or Woman count their gaines
They haue but meat, and raiment for their paines.
No more haue they that liue the honeſteſt
Thoſe that can ſay their Conſciences are beſt,
Their *Bellies* and their *Backes*, day, night and hower,
The fruits of all their labours do deuower:
Theſe *Thieues* doe rob vs, with our owne good will,
And haue dame Natures warrant for it ſtill,
Somtimes theſe *Sharks* do worke each others wrack
The Rauening belly often robs the back:
We'le feed like *Dines*, with Quaile, Raile & Pheſant,
And be attir'd all tatter'd like a Peaſant.
Sometimes the gawdy *Backe*, Mans *Belly* pines,
For which he often with Duke *Humphrey* dines;
The whilſt the mind defends this hungry ſtealth
And ſayes a temp'rate dyet maintaines health,
Let *Corland* cry, let guts with famine mourne,
The maw's vnſeene, good out-ſides muſt be worne.
Thus do theſe *Thieues* rob vs, and in this pother
The mind conſents, and then they rob each other:
Our *Knowledge* and our *Learning* (oft by chance)
Doth ſteale and rob vs of our Ignorance:
Yet Ignorance may ſometime gaine promotion
(Where it is held the Mother of deuotion)

But knowledge ioynd with learning, are poor things
That many times a man to begg'ry brings:
And fortune very oft doth iustly fit
Some to haue all the wealth, some all the wit.
Tobacco robs some men, if so it list
It steales their Coyne (as *Thieues* do) in a *Mist*.
Some men to rob the Pot will ne're refraine
Vntill the Pot rob them of all againe,
A prodigall can steale exceeding Briefe,
Picks his owne Purse, and is his owne deare *Thiefe*.
And thus within vs, and without vs we
Are *Thieues*, and by *Thieues* alwayes pillagde be.
First then vnto the greateſt *Thieues* of all
Whose *Thiewery* is most high and Capitall:
You that for pompe, and Titles transitory
Rob your Almighty maker of his Glory,
And giue the Honor due to him alone
Vnto a Carued blocke, a stocke or stone,
An Image, a similitude, or feature
Of *Angel*, *Saint*, or *Man*, or any creature,
To Altars, Lamps, or Holy Bread, or Waters,
To Shrines or tapers, or such iuggling matters,
To Reliques, of the dead, or of the liuing
This is the most supremeſt kind of *Thieuing*.
Besides they all commit this Fellony
That breake the Sabbath day maliciouslie,
God giues vs sixe dayes, and himselfe hath one,
Wherein he would (with thanks) be called vpon:
And those that steale that day to bad abuses,
Robs God of Honor, without all excuses:

Vnto

A Thiefe.

Vnto theſe *Theeues*, my *Thiefe* doth plainely tell
That though they hang not here, they ſhall in Hell
Except repentance (and vnworthy Guerdon
Through our Redeemers merits) gain their pardon.
Then ther's a Crew of *Theeues* that pry and lurch
And ſteale and ſhare the liuings of the Church;
Theſe are Hels factors, Merchants of all euill,
Rob God of Soules, and giue them to the Deuill.
For where the Tythe of many a Pariſh may
Allow a good ſufficient preacher pay,
Yet hellish pride, or luſt, or auarice,
Or one or other fowle licentious Vice,
Robs learning, robs the people of their teaching
(Who in ſeuen yeares perhaps doth heare no preaching)
When as the Parſonage by account is found
Yearely worth two, 3 or 4 hundred pound,
Yet are thoſe ſoules ſeru'd, or elſe ſtaru'd I feare
With a poore Reader for eight pounds a yeare.
A Preacher breakes to vs the heau'nly Bread
Whereby our ſtraying ſoules are taught and fed:
And for this heau'nly worke of his, 'tis ſenſe
That men allow him earthly recompence.
For ſhall he giue vs food that's ſpirituall
And not haue meanes to feed him corporall?
No ſure; (of all men) tis moſt manifeſt,
A painfull Churchman earnes his wages beſt.
Thoſe that keepe backe the Tythes, I tell them true
Are arrant *Theeues* in robbing God, of's due:
For they that rob Gods Church (t'increaſe their pelfe)
'Tis moſt apparent, they rob God himſelfe.

In the 93. page of a Booke, calle the Spirit of Detraction the Author cites twelue Pariſhes in one hundred in Wales in this predicament.

The *Patron* oft deales with his Minister
At *Dionysius* did with [a] *Iupiter*,
He stole his golden Cloake, and put on him
A Coat of Cotton (nothing neere so trim)
And to excuse his theft, he said the gold
Was (to be worne, in Winter time) too cold,
But in the Summer, 'twas too hot and heauy,
And so some Patrons vse the Tribe of *Leui*:
That for the Winters cold, or Summers heat,
They are so pold, they scarce haue cloathes & meat.
Amongst the rest, there may some pastors be,
Who enter in through cursed Simony:
But all such are notorious *Theeues* therefore
They climb the wall, & not com through the [b] dore,
Thus *Menelaus* did the Priesthood win
From *Iason* by this simonayck sinne,
For he did pay three hundred Talents more
Then *Iason* would (or could) disburse therefore.
And many a mitred Pope and Cardinall
This way haue got their State Pontificall: (grieues
These rob, and steale, (for which all good men
And make the House of Prayer, a den of *Theeues*.
But though the Hangman, here they can outface
Yet they shall all hang in a worser place. (gaines
Then there are *Theeues* who make the Church their
Who can preach wel, yet will not take the paines:
Dumb dogs, or rau'ning wolues, whose careles care
Doth fat themselues, & keep their flocks most bare.
Besides Churchwardens, with a griping fist
Like *Theeues* may rob their Vestry, if they list.

[a] iters Idol
Seracusa
Sicilia.

[b] he doore
Christ.

The

A Thiefe.

The poores neglector (O I pardon craue)
Collector I should say, may play the knaue,
The *Thiefe* I would haue said, but chuse you whe-
He may be both, and so he may be neither. (ther,
So leauing Church-*theeues*, with their cursed stealth
I'le now descend vnto the Common-wealth.
And yet me thinkes I should not passe the Court,
But sure *Theeues* dare not thither to resort.
But of all *Theeues* in any Kings Dominion,
A Flatterer is a Curpurse of opinion,
That like a Pick-pocket, doth lye and wait,
To steale himselfe into a mans conceit.
This *Thiefe* will often dawbe a great mans Vice,
Or rate his Vertue at too low a price,
Or at too high a pitch his worth will raise,
To fill his eares with flatt'ry any wayes.
Surueyors, and Purueyors, now and then
May steale, and yet be counted honest men.
When men doe for their liuing labour true,
He's a base *Thiefe* that payes them not their due.
They are all *Theeues*, that liue vpon the fruits
Of Monopolies if vngodly Suites.
The Iudge or Iustice that doe Bribes desire
Like *Theeues*, deserue a halter for their hire.
A Reuerend Father, worthy of beleeuing,
Said taking bribes was Gentleman-like *Theeuing*.
A Merchant now and then his goods may bring,
And steale the Custome, and so rob the King.
Theeues they are all, that scrape and gather treasures,
By Wares deceitfull, or false weights or measures.

A Thiefe.

The Landlord is a *Theefe* that racks his Rents,
And mounts the price of rotten Tenements,
Almost vnto a damned double rate,
And such a *Thiefe* * as that, my selfe had late.
A paire of Louers are starke *Theeues*, for they
Doe kindely steale each others hearts away.
Extortioners, I *Theeues* may truely call,
Who take more Int'rest, then the principall.
Executors, and Ouer-seers *theeuing*,
Haue often wrong'd the dead, and rob'd the liuing.
All those within the ranke of *Theeues* must be,
That trust their wares out from 3 months to three,
And make the Debtors thrice the worth to pay,
Because they trust them, these are *Theeues* I say,
That doe sell Time, which vnto God belongs,
And begger whom they trust most, with these (wrongs.
He is a *Thiefe*, and basely doth purloyne,
Who borroweth of his neighbours goods, or coyne,
And can, but will no satisfaction giue,
These are the most notorious *Theeues* that liue,
Vpon such *Theeues* (if Law the same allow'd)
A hanging were exceeding well bestow'd.
A Farmer is a *Thiefe*, that hoards vp Graine
In hope of Dearth, by either Drought or Raine,
He steales Gods treasures, and doth quite forget,
That ouer them hee's but a Steward set:
And for this rob'ry he deserues to weare
A riding knot an inch below his eare.
Of drinking *Theeues* exceeding store there are,
That steale themselues drunke e're they be aware:

* One that [illegible]g[illegible]t yeres [illegible]nce [illegible]ought ma[illegible]y houses, [illegible]here I [illegible]nd many [illegible]oore men [illegible]welt, and [illegible]resently [illegible]aised our Rents from 3. l. to 5. l. but I changed him quickly for a better.

These

Theſe are right Rob-pots, Rob-wits, and Rob-purſes,
To gaine diſeaſes, begg'ry, and Gods curſes.
Drawers and Tapſters too, are *Thieues* I thinke,
That Nick their Pots, and cheat men of their drinke:
And when gueſts haue their liquor in their braine,
Steale pots halfe full, to fill them vp againe.
Though this be *Theu'ry*, yet I muſt confeſſe,
Tis honeſt *Theft* to puniſh Drunkennes.
And of ſmall *Thieues*, the Tapſter I preferre,
He is a Drunkards Executioner,
For whileſt his money laſts he much affects him,
Then, with the Rod of pouerty corrects him.
A Chamberlaine vnto his Gueſts may creepe
And picke their pockets, when th'are drunke aſleep:
But amongſt *Thieues* that are of low repute
An Hoſtler is a *Thiefe* moſt abſolute:
He with a Candles end Horſe teeth can Greaſe,
They ſhall eate neither Hay, Oates, Beanes, or Peaſe
Beſides a hole ith Maunger, and a bag
Hang'd vnderneath may cozen many a Nag,
And ſpecially, if in a ſtable darke,
If one doe not the Hoſtlers knau'ry marke.
He will deceiue a man, before his face,
On the Peck's bottome, ſome few Oates he'le place,
Which ſeemes as if it to the brim were full,
And thus the Knaue both Man and Horſe will gull.
If he breake Horſe bread, he can thus much doe,
Amonſt fiue loaues, his Codpiece ſwallowes two:
The Hoſtler ſayes the horſe hath one good tricke,
Quicke at his meat, he needs muſt trauell quicke.

If men, at full Racke for their Horſmeat pay,
So hard into the racke hee'le tread the *Hay*,
That out the poore beaſts cannot get a bit,
And th'Hoſtler held an honeſt man for it.
For who would thinke the Horſes want their right,
When as the Racke is ſtill full, day and night?
With bottles, if men will haue Horſes fed,
To each a Groates worth ere they goe to bed,
The *Thieuiſh* Hoſtler can rob Horſe and Men,
And ſteale the bottles from the racke agen,
And puts in Hay that's piſt vpon, I wot,
Which being dry'd, no horſe will eate a jot.
And all ſuch Hoſtlers, whereſoe're they be,
Deſerue a Horſes nightcap for their Fee.
One ſtole a wife, and maryed her in poſt.
A hanging had beene better ſtolne, almoſt:
By her he night and day was long perplex'd,
Cornuted, ſcolded at, defam'd and vex'd,
That (in compariſon of all his paine)
A friendly hanging had beene mighty gaine.
There's an old ſpeech, a Taylor is a *Thiefe*,
And an old ſpeech he hath for his reliefe,
Ile not equiuocate, i'le giue him's due
He (truely) ſteales not, or he ſteales not, true,
Thoſe that report ſo, mighty wrong doe doe him,
For how can he ſteal that, that's brought vnto him?
And it may be they were falſe idle ſpeeches,
That one brought Cotton once, to line his breeches,
And that the Taylor layd the Cotton by,
And with old painted Cloath, the rome ſupply,

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Which as the owner (for his vſe did weare,
A nayle, or ſceg, by chance his breech did teare:
At which he ſaw the Linings, and was wroth;
For *Dives* and *Lazarus* on the painted Cloth,
The Gluttons Dogs, and Hels fire hotly burning,
With Fiends & fleſhooks, whēce ther's no returning,
He rip'd the other breech, and there he ſpide,
The pamper'd *Prodigall* on Cockhorſe ride:
There was his fare, his Fidlers, and his Whores,
His being poore, and beaten out of Doores,
His keeping Hogs, his eating huskes for meat,
His Lamentation, and his home retreat,
His welcome to his Father, and the Feaſt,
The fat Calfe kill'd, all theſe things were expreſt,
Theſe Transformations fild the man with feare,
That he Hell fire within his breech * ſhould beare,
He mus'd what ſtrange inchantments he had bin in,
That turn'd his linings into painted Linnen,
His feare was great, but at the laſt to rid it,
A Wizard told him, 'twas the Tayler did it.
One told me of a * Miller that had power
Sometimes to ſteale 5 Buſhels out of foure:
As once a windmill (out of breath) lack'd winde,
A fellow brought Foure buſhels there to grinde,
And hearing neither noyſe of knap or tiller,
Laid downe his corne, and went to ſeeke the Miller:
Some two flight-ſhot to th'Ale-houſe he did wag,
And left his Sacke in keeping with his Nag,
The Miller came a by-way vp the hill,
And ſaw the Sacke of Corne ſtand at the Mill,

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Perceiuing none that could his *Theift* gaine-ſay,
For toll tooke Bag and Griſt, and all away.
And a croſſe-way vnto the Ale-houſe hy'd him.
Wheras the man that ſought him, quickly ſpide him.
Kinde Miller (quoth the man) I left but now
A Sacke of Wheat, and I intreat that thou
Wilt walke vp to the Mill where it doth lye,
And grinde it for me now the winde blowes hye.
So vp the Hill they went, and quickly found
The Bag & Corn, ſtoln from the ground vngrown'd
The poore man with his loſſe was full of griefe,
He, and the Miller went to ſeeke the *Thiefe*,
Or elſe the Corne, at laſt all tyr'd and ſad,
(Seeking both what he had not, and he had)
The Miller (to appeaſe or eaſe his paine)
Sold him one Buſhell * of his owne againe.
Thus out of foure, the man Fiue Buſhels loſt,
Accounting truely all his Corne and coſt.
To mend all of this *Thieuing* Millers brood,
One halfe houres hanging would be very good.
But there's a kinde of ſtealing myſticall,
Pickpocket wits, filch lines Sophiſticall,
Villanes in Verſe, baſe Runagates in Rime,
Falſe Rob-wits, and contemned ſlaues of time,
Purloyning *Thieues*, that pilfer from Deſart
The due of ſtudy, and reward of Art.
Pot Poets, that haue skill to ſteale Tranſlations,
And (into *Engliſh*) filch ſtrange tongues and Nations
An I change the Language of good Wits vnknowne
Theſe *Thieniſh* Raſcals print them for their owne,

Some ſay ſold the buſhels in, and a ſtole buſhel toll.

Miſtake

A Thiefe.

Miſtake me not good Reader any wayes,
Tranſlators do deſerue reſpect and praiſe,
For were it not for them, we could not haue
A Bible, that declares our ſoules to ſaue,
And many thouſand worthy workes would lye
Not vnderſtood, or in obſcurity,
If they by Learned mens intelligence,
Were not Tranſlated with great diligence:
I honour ſuch, and he that doth not ſo,
May his ſoule ſinke to euerlaſting woe.
I ſpeake of ſuch as ſteale regard and Fame,
Who doe tranſlate, and hide the Auth ors name,
Or ſuch as are ſo barren of Inuention,
That cannot write a line worth note, or mention:
Yet vpon thoſe that can will belch their ſpite,
And with malicious tongues their names back-bite.
To this effect I oft haue wrote before,
And am enforced now this one time more,
To take my Pen againe into my fiſt,
And anſwer a depraying Emblemiſt,
I ſpare to name him, but I tell him plaine,
If e're he dare abuſe me ſo againe,
Ile whip him with a yerking Satyres laſh,
Fang'd like th'inuectiue Muſe of famous *Naſh*,
That he ſhall wiſh he had not beene, or beene
Hang'd, ere he mou'd my Iuſt incenſed ſpleene.
He hath reported moſt maliciouſly,
In ſundry places amongſt company,
That I doe neither write, nor yet inuent
The things that (in my name) doe paſſe in print.

But

But that ſome Scholler ſpends his time and braine,
And let me haue the Glory and the Gaine.
Is any Poet in that low degree,
To make his Muſe worke Iourney-worke to me?
Or are my lines with Eloquence imbelliſh'd,
As any Learning in them may be reliſh'd?
Thoſe that thinke ſo, they either iudge in haſt,
Or elſe their iudgements pallat's out of taſt.
My pen in *Hellicon*, I ne're did dip,
And all my Schollerſhip is Schullerſhip,
I am an Engliſh-man, and haue the ſcope
To write in mine owne Countries ſpeech (I hope)
For *Homer* was a *Grecian*, and I note
That all his workes in the Greeke tongue he wrote:
Virgill and *Ouid*, neither did contemne
To vſe that ſpeech, their Mothers taught to them.
Du Bartas, *Petrarcke*, *Taſſo*, all their Muſes
Did vſe the Language that their Countrey vſes,
And though I know but Engliſh, I ſuppoſe
I haue as many tongues as ſome of thoſe.
Their Studies were much better, yet I ſay
I vſe my Countries ſpeech, and ſo did they.
Becauſe my Name is *Taylor*, ſome doe doubt,
My beſt Inuention comes by ſtealing out
From other Writers workes, but I reply,
And giue their doubtfull diffidence the lye.
To cloſe this point I muſt be very briefe,
And call them Knaues, that call me Poet *Theife*.
But yet a Poets theft, I muſt not ſmother,
For they doe often ſteale from one another:

They

A Thiefe.

They call it borrowing, but I thinke it true,
To terme it Stealing, were a ſtyle more due.
There is a ſpeech that Poets ſtill are poore,
But ne're till now I knew the cauſe wherefore:
Which is, when their inuentions are at beſt,
Then they are daily rob'd, 'tis manifeſt,
For noble *Thieues*, and poore *Thieues* all conioyne,
From painefull Writers ſtudies to purloyne.
And ſteale their flaſhes, and their ſparkes of wit,
Still vtt'ring them at all occaſions fit,
As if they were their owne, and theſe men are
For their ſtolne ſtuffe eſteemed wiſe and rare.
They call it borrowing, but I tell them plaine
'Tis ſtealing, for they neuer pay againe.
The vſe of Money's ten i'th Hundred ſtill,
And men in Bonds bound, as the owner will,
But wit and Poetry (more worth then treaſure)
Is from the Owners borrowed, at mens pleaſure,
And to the Poets lot it ſtill doth fall,
To loſe both Intereſt and principall.
This is the cauſe that Poets are poore men,
Th'are rob'd, and lend, and ne're are payd agen.
'Tis ſaid that *Iacob* (counſel'd by his Mother)
Did ſteale his Fathers bleſſing from his Brother,
This was a Theft which few will imitate,
Their Fathers bleſſings are of no ſuch rate, (uing
For though ſome Sons might haue them for the cra-
Yet they eſteeme them ſcarcely worth the hauing,
Their Fathers money they would gladly ſteale,
But for their bleſſings they regard no deale.

And

And by their waters, you may gueſſe and gather;
That they were ſicke and grieued of the Father.
But on ſuch *Thieues* as thoſe, I plainly ſay
A hanſome hanging were not caſt away.
Some *Thieues* may through an admirable skill,
An honeſt Common wealth both poll and pill:
Theſe fellowes ſteale ſecure as they were Millers,
And are ſubſtantiall men, their Countries Pillers:
Purloyning pollers, or the Barbars rather,
That *ſhaue* a Kingdome, curſed wealth to gather:
Theſe Pillers, or theſe Caterpillers ſwarmes
Grow rich, and purchaſe goods by others harmes,
And liue like Feinds, extreamely fear'd, and hated,
And are, and ſhall be euer execrated.
A King of *Britaine* once * *Catellus* nam'd
Vpon Record his Charity is fam'd:
His Iuſtice, and his memory was ſo ample
He hang'd vp all oppreſſors, for example.
If that Law once againe were in requeſt
Then, of all trades a Hangman were the beſt.
Theſe are the brood of *Barrabas*, and theſe
Can rob, and be let looſe againe at eaſe,
Whilſt *Chriſt* (in his poore members) euery day,
Doth ſuffer (through their Theft) and pine away.
And ſure all men, of whatſoere degree,
Of Science, Art or Trade or myſterie,
Or occupation, whatſoere they are,
For truth cannot with Watermen compare.
I know there's ſome obiections may be made,
How they are Rude, vnciuill in their trade,

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But that is not the queſtion I propound,
I ſay no *Theft* can in the Trade be found:
Our greateſt foes by no meanes can reueale,
Which way we can deceiue, or cheat, or ſteale:
We take men in, and Land them at their pleaſure,
And neuer bate them halfe an inch of meaſure,
Still at one *price* our ſelues we waſte and weare,
Though all things elſe be mounted double deare,
And in a word, I muſt conclude and ſay,
A Waterman can be a *Thiefe* no way.
Except one way, which I had halfe forgot
He now and then perhaps may rob the Pot,
Steale himſelfe drunke, and be his own Purſpicker,
And Chimically turnes his coyne to liquor,
This is almoſt a Vniuerſall *Theft*,
A portion Fathers to their ſonnes haue left,
Men are begot, and doe like their begetters,
And Watermen doe learne it of their betters.
Ther's nothing that doth make them poore & bare,
But cauſe they are ſuch true men as they are:
For if they would but ſteale like other men
The Gallowes would deuoure them now and then,
Whereby their number quickly would be leſſe,
Which (to their wants) would be a good redreſſe,
Their pouerty doth from the truth proceed,
Their way to thriue were to be *Theeues* indeed,
If they would ſteale and hang as others doe
Thoſe that ſuruiue it were a helpe vnto,
Truth is their trade, & truth doth keep them poore,
But if their truth were leſſe their wealth were more,

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A Thiefe.

All ſorts of men worke all the meanes they can,
To make a *Thiefe* of euery Water-man:
And as it were in one conſent they ioyne,
To trot by land i'th dirt, and ſaue their Coyne.
Carroches, Coaches, Iades and Flanders Mares,
Doe rob vs of our ſhares, our wares, our Fares.
Againſt the ground we ſtand & knocke our heeles,
Whilſt all our profit runnes away on wheeles,
And whoſoeuer but obſerues and notes
The great increaſe of Coaches, and of Boats:
Shall finde there number more then e're they were,
By halfe and more within theſe thirty yeare.
Then Watermen at Sea had ſeruice ſtill,
And thoſe that ſtayd at home had worke at will,
Then vpſtart Helcart-Coaches were to ſeeke,
A man could ſcarce ſee twenty in a weeke,
But now I thinke a man may dayly ſee,
More then the Whirries on the *Thames* can be.
When Queene *Elizabeth*, came to the Crowne,
A Coach in England, then was ſcarcely knowne,
Then 'twas as rare to ſee one, as to ſpy
A Tradeſman that had neuer told a lye.
But now, like plagues of *Egypt*, they doe ſwarme,
As thicke as Frogs or Lice, vnto our harme.
For though the King, the Councell, and ſuch States,
As are of high Superiour rankes, and rates,
For port or pleaſure, may their Coaches haue,
Yet 'tis not fit that euery *Whore* or *Knaue*,
And fulſome Madams, and new ſcuruy Squires,
Should jolt the ſtreets in pompe, at their deſires:

Like

A Thiefe.

Like great triumphant *Tamberlaines*, each day,
Drawne with the pamper'd Iades of *Belgia*,
That almoſt all the ſtreets are choak'd out-right,
Where men can hardly paſſe from morne 'till night.
Whilſt Watermen want worke, and are at eaſe,
To carie one another, if they pleaſe,
Or elſe ſit ſtill, and poorely ſtarue and die,
For all their liuings on foure Wheeles doe fly.
Good Reader thinke it not too long, or much
That I thus amply, on this point doe touch,
Now we are borne, we would our worke apply
To labour and to liue vntill we dye,
And we could liue well, but for Coaches theeuing,
That euery day doe rob vs of our liuing.
If we, by any meanes, could learne the skill
To rob the Coachmen, as they rob vs ſtill:
Then in the Seſſions booke it would appeare,
They would be hang'd fiue hundred in a yeare.
Beſides it is too manifeſtly knowne,
They haue the Sadlers trade almoſt o'rethrowne,
And the beſt Leather in our Kingdome they
Conſume and waſte; for which poore men doe pay.
Our Bootes & Shooes to ſuch high price they reare,
That all our profit can buy none to weare.
I in *Bohemia* ſaw, that all but Lords,
Or men of worth, had Coaches drawne with cords:
And I my neck vnto the Rope would pawne,
That if our Hackney Ratlers were ſo drawne,
With Cords, or Ropes, or Halters, chuſe ye whether
It quickly would bring downe the price of Leather.

Then

Then Watermen ſhould haue more worke I hope,
When euery Hireling Coach drawne with a Rope,
Would make our Gallants ſtomack at the matter
And now and then to ſpend their coyne by water.
Without all flattery, here my minde I breake,
The Prouerb ſayes, *giue loſers leaue to ſpeake.*
They carie all our Fares, and make vs poore
That to our Boats we ſcarce can get a Whore,
Some honeſt men and women, now and then,
Will ſpend their moneys amongſt Watermen,
But we are growne ſo many, and againe
Our Fares ſo few, that little is our gaine.
Yet for all this (to giue the Deuill his due)
Our honeſt trade can no way be vntrue.
If ſome be rude amongſt the multitude
'Tis onely want of worke that makes them rude,
'Tis want of money and of manners to
That makes them do as too too oft they doe;
And euery good thing that in them is ſcant
It ſtill muſt be imputed to their want.
But leauing true men, I muſt turne my ſtile
To paltry *Theeues*, whoſe glory is their guile:
For thrice three hundred of them from me tooke
Some of them ready money, ſome a Booke,
And ſet their hands to Bils, to pay to me
When I from *Scotland* ſhould returned be. (write,
Crownes, pounds, or Angels, what they pleas'd to
I haue their fiſts to ſhew in blacke and white.
And after that, I to *Bohemia* went,
And gaue out money, and much money ſpent:

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And for theſe things, thoſe *Thieues* in generall,
Will neither giue me gaine or principall.
I lately wrote a * Pamphlet to the crew,
That ſpake their due, for keeping of my due:
Wherein I gaue them thanks that had me paid,
And pardon'd thoſe that in their graues were laid:
To thoſe that were exceeding poore, or fled,
(Except good words) I very little ſed,
I praid for them that onely would and could not.
And I inueigh'd at thoſe that could and would not,
And let thoſe ſhifters their owne Iugdes be
If they haue not bin arrant *Thieues* to me,
For firſt and laſt they tooke (with their good wils)
Neere fifteene hundred bookes vpon their bills,
And all their hands (If I the truth may vtter)
Are worſe then obligations ſeald with butter;
For I haue in my ſtore (not worth a Lowſe)
As many Bills as well may thatch a houſe,
And there I haue the hands of Knights and Squiers:
And *Omnium gatherum* cheating knaues and lyers,
Seuen hundred in a galleymawfrey, cloſe
Which I would ſell for fifteene pence the Groce,
Thei'le neither pay, with comming, nor with ſending
And are like old bootes, paſt all hope of mending.
Firſt they did rob me of my expectation
And made me walke a long perambulation,
And as my Royall Maſter * when I came,
The good Prince, and my Lord of *Buckingham*
With many more of Honour, Worſhip, and
Men of inferiour callings in this Land,

It is call Kickſie winſie o Lerrie o twang,

To whom I in all humility muſt euer acknowledge my obedience and dutifull thankfulneſſe and ſeruice.

Were bountifull to me at my returne,
Yet I, like one, that doth one candle burne
In ſeeking of another, ſpent their gifts
To finde out Sharkes, and Complements and ſhifts.
Theft is the beſt Name I can giue their crime,
They rob me of my bookes, my coyne, and time,
Of others bounty, and mine owne good hopes,
And for this Theft I leaue them to the Ropes.
I ſpeake to thoſe that can and will not pay,
When in the ſtreets I meet them euery day,
They doe not much miſtake if they doe thinke
I wiſh them hang'd, for keeping of my chinke.
Thus haue I touch'd a crew of *Thieuing* fellowes,
That rob beyond the compaſſe of the Gallowes:
Whileſt many little *Thieues* are hang'd vp dead
That onely ſteale for need to find them bread.
As *Pharho's* fat Kine did the Leane deuoure,
So great *Thieues* ſwallow ſmall ones by their power.
And ſure I thinke that common Burglaries,
Pick-pockets, High-way *Thieues*, and Pilferies,
And all that thus felloniouſly doe *Thieue*,
A e *Thieues* whoſe labours * many doe relieue.
Who but poore *Thieues* do Jaylors wants ſupply:
On whom doe vnder-Keepers ſtill rely?
From *Thieuing* money ſtill is gotten thus,
For many a Warrant and a Mittimus,
And if men were not apt to filch and *Thieue*,
Twere worſe for many a High, and vnder Shriefe.
The Halter-maker, and the Smith are getters
For fatall twiſt, and pond'rous bolts and fetters.

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The Carman hath a ſhare amongſt the reſt,
Although not voluntary, yet hee's Preſt,
The Ballad-maker doth ſome profit reape,
And makes a *Tiburne* Dirge, exceeding cheape,
The whil'ſt the Printers, and the dolefull ſingers,
Doe in theſe gainefull buſineſſe dip their fingers.
The very Hangman hath the ſleight and skill,
To extract all his goods from others ill,
He is the Epilogue vnto the Law,
And from the jawes of Death his life doth draw.
And laſt, the Hangmans Broaker reapes the fruit,
By ſelling to one *Thiefe* anothers ſute.
Beſides *Thieues* are fit members, for 'tis knowne,
They make men carefull how to keepe their owne,
For were it not for them, we ſtill ſhould lye
Rock'd in the Cradle of ſecurity,
Lull'd in baſe idleneſſe, and ſluggiſh ſloath,
Apt to all ill, and to all goodneſſe loth.
Which would infect vs, and corrupt the blood,
And therefore for our health's ſake, *Thieues* are good.
And ſome men are ſo prone to ſteale, I thinke
It is as Nat'rall as their meat and drinke,
They are borne to't, and cannot doe withall,
And muſt be filching ſtill, what e're befall.
A wiſpe of Ruſhes, or a clod of land,
Or any wadde of Hay that's next to hand
They'l ſteale, and for it haue a good excuſe,
They doe't to keepe their hands in vre, or vſe.
But not t'excuſe a *Thiefe* in any caſe,
I ſay there are ſome crimes, as voyde of Grace,

A Thiefe.

On whom men ſcarce haue feeling or a thought,
Nor ere like *Thieues* are to the Gallowes brought.
Thoſe that obey falſe Gods commit offence,
Againſt th'Eternall Gods Omnipotence.
Thoſe that doe grauen Images adore,
Are worſe then *Thieues*, yet are not hang'd therfore;
Tis Treaſon high, to take Gods in vaine,
Yet moſt men doe't, through frailty, or for gaine.
The Sabbath is prophan'd continually,
Whil'ſt the offenders pay ſmall * penalty.
And Parents are diſhonour'd, without awe,
The whil'ſt the childrea doe eſcape the Law.
And Murther, though't be ne're ſo foule and deadly,
Is ofttimes made Man-ſlaughter or chance-medley,
Adultery's neighbourhood, and Fornication
May be conniu'd at, with a toleration.
A witnes, that falſe Teſtimony beares,
Tis a great wonder if he loſe his eares:
But ſure, the Prouerbe is as true as brieſe,
A lyer's euer worſer then a *Thiefe*,
And 'tis call'd Thrift, when men their minds doe ſet,
To couet how their Neighbours goods to get.
To be vaine-glorious, and ambitious proud
Are Gentleman-like parts, muſt be allow'd.
To beare an Enuy baſe and ſecretly,
Tis counted Wiſdome, and great policy.
To be a Drunkard, and the cat to whip,
Is call'd the king of all good Fellowſhip.
But for a *Thiefe*, the whole world doth conſent,
That hanging is the fitteſt puniſhment.

But

But if that Law were put in execution,
I thinke it would be mankinds diſſolution:
And then we ſhould haue Land and Tenements
For nothing, or for very eaſie Rents,
Whereby we ſee that man his wealth eſteemes,
And better then his God, his ſoule it deemes:
For let God be abus'd, and let his ſoule
Runne greedily into offences foule,
He ſcarcely ſhall be queſtion'd for't, but if
(Amongſt his other ſinnes) he play the *Thiefe*
And ſteale mens goods, they all will ſentence giue,
He muſt be hang'd, he is vnfit to liue.
In the *Low-Countries*, if a wretch doe ſteale
But bread, or meat, to feed himſelfe a meale,
They will vnmercifully beat and clout him, (him,
Hale, pull, and teare, and ſpurne and kick, and flout
But if a drunkard be vnpledg'd a Kan
Drawes out his knife and baſely ſtabs a man,
To runne away the Raſcall ſhall haue ſcope,
None holds him, but all cry *Lope Scellum Lope*, Run th
Thus there's a cloſe conniuence for all Vice, runne.
Except for *Theft*, and that's a hanging price.
One man's addicted to blaſpheme and ſweare,
A ſecond to carowſe, and domineere:
A third to Whoring, and a fourth to fight,
And kill and ſlay: a fift man to backbite,
A ſixt and ſeuenth, with this or that crime caught,
And all in generall much worſe then nought.
And amongſt all theſe ſinners generall,
The *Thiefe* muſt win the Halter from them all,

When if the matter ſhould examin'd be
They doe deſerue it all, as much as he.
Nor yet is *Theeuerie* any vpſtart ſinne,
But it of long Antiquitie hath bin:
And by this Trade Great men haue not diſdain'd,
To win renowne and haue their ſtates maintain'd.
Great *Alexanders* Conqueſts, what were they
But taking others goods and lands away:
(In manners) I muſt call it Martiall dealing,
But truth will tearme it rob'ry, and flat ſtealing,
For vnto all the world it is well knowne,
That he by force, tooke what was not his owne.
Some Writers are with *Tamberlaine* ſo briefe,
To ſtile him with the name of *Scythian Thiefe*,
arch. *Licurgus* lou'd, and granted gifts beſide
To *Theeues* that could ſteale, and eſcape vnſpide:
But if they taken with the manner were,
They muſt reſtore, and buy the bargaine deare.
Theeues were at all times euer to be had,
Exampled by the good *Thiefe* and the bad.
And *England* ſtill hath been a fruitfull land
Of valiant *Theeues*, that durſt bid true men ſtand.
.1. One *Bellin Dun*, a famous *Thiefe* ſurnam'd,
From whom the towne of *Dunſtables* deriu'd:
o.2. And *Robin Hood* with little *Iohn* agreed
To rob the rich men, and the poore to feed. (liuing,
ward 3. The Prieſts had heere ſuch ſmall meanes for their
That many of them were inforc'd to *theeuing*.
Once the fift *Henry* could rob exc'lent well,
When he was Prince of *Wales*, as Stories tell.

Then

Then Fryer *Tucke* a tall ſtout *Thiefe* indeed,
Could better rob and ſteale, then preach or read.
Sir *Goſſelin Deinuill*, with two hundred more, Edw
In Fryers weeds, rob'd, and were hang'd therefore.
Th us I in Stories, and by proofe doe finde
That ſtealing's very old, time out of minde,
E're I was borne, it through the world was ſpread,
And will be when I from the world am dead.
But leauing thus, my Muſe in hand hath tooke,
To ſhew which way a *Theiſe* is like a *booke*.

A Compariſon betweene a *Thiefe* and a *Booke*.

COmpariſons are odious, as ſome ſay,
But my compariſons are ſo no way,
In the Pamphlet which I wrote before,
Compar'd a *Booke* moſt fitly to a *Whore*:
And now, as fitly my poore Muſe alludes,
A *Thiefe* t' a Booke in apt ſimilitudes.
A good *Booke* ſteales the mind from vaine pretences
From wicked cogitations, and offences:
It makes vs know the worlds deceiuing pleaſures,
And ſet our hearts on neuer-ending treaſures.
So when *Theeues* ſteale, our Cattle, Coyne or Ware,
It makes vs ſee how mutable they are.
Puts vs in minde that we ſhould put our truſt,
Where Fellon cannot ſteale, or Canker ruſt. (enter,
Bad Bookes through eyes and eares doe breake and
And take poſſeſſion of the hearts fraile Center.
Infecting all the little Kingdome *Man*,
With all the poys'nous miſchiefe that they can,
Till they haue rob'd and ranſack'd him of all
Thoſe things which men may iuſtly goodnes call.

Robs

Robs him of Vertue, and heau'nly grace
And leaues him begger'd, in a wretched caſe.
So of our earthly goods, *Theeues* ſteale the beſt,
And richeſt Iewels, and leaue vs the reſt.
Men know not *Theeues* from true men by their looks
Nor by their outſides, no man can know Bookes.
Both are to be ſuſpected, all can tell,
And Wiſemen e're they truſt, will try them well,
A *Booke* may haue a Title good and faire,
Though in it one may finde ſmall goodnes there:
And ſo a *Thiefe*, whoſe actions are moſt vile,
Steales good opinion, and a True mans ſtile.
Some *Bookes* (prophane) the ſacred Text abuſe,
With common *Theeues*, it is a common vſe.
Some *Bookes* are full of lyes, and *Theeues* are ſo,
One hardly can beleeue their yea or no.
Some *Bookes* are ſcurrilous, and too obſceane,
And he's no right *Thiefe* that loues not a Queane.
Some *Book*'s not worth the reading for their fruits,
Some *Theeues* not worth the hanging, for their ſutes.
Some Bookes are briefe, and in few words declare
Compendious matter, and acuteneſſe rare,
And ſo ſome *Theeues* will breake into a Houſe,
Or cut a Purſe whilſt one can cracke a Lowſe:
Some Bookes are arrogant and impudent,
So are moſt *Theeues* in Chriſtendome and *Kent*.
Some Bookes are plaine & ſimple, and ſome *Theeues*
Are ſimply hang'd, whilſt others get Reprieues.
Some *Books* like fooliſh *Theeues*, their faults are ſpide
Some *Theeues* like witty *Books*, their faults can hide.

Some

A Thiefe.

Some Bookes are quaint & quick in their conceits?
Some *Theeues* are actiue, nimble in their ſleights.
Some Bookes with idle ſtuffe the Author fils,
Some *Theeues* will ſtill be idle, by their wils.
Some Bookes haue neither Reaſon, Law, or ſenſe,
No more haue any *Theeues* for their offence.
A Booke's but one, when firſt it comes to th'Preſſe,
It may encreaſe to Numbers Numberleſſe,
And ſo one *Thiefe* perhaps may make threeſcore
And that threeſcore may make ten thouſand more,
Thus from one *Thiefe*, *Theeues* may at laſt amount
Like Books, from one Booke paſt all mens account.
And as with induſtry, and Art, and skill,
One *Thiefe* doth dayly rob another ſtill,
So one Booke from another (in this Age)
Steales many a Line, a Sentence, or a Page.
Thus amongſt Bookes, good fellowſhip I finde,
All things are common, *Theeues* beare no ſuch mind.
And for this *theeuing*, Bookes with Hue and Cry
Are ſought, (as *Theeues* are) for their Felony.
As *Theeues* are chas'd and ſent from place to place,
So Bookes, are alwayes in continuall chaſe. (bound,
As Bookes are ſtrongly Boſs'd, and Claſp'd and
So *Theeues* are Manacled, when they are found:
As *Theeues* are oft examin'd, for their crimes,
So Bookes are vſde, and haue been at all times.
As *Theeues* haue oft at their Arraignment ſtood,
So Bookes are tride if they be bad or good.
As Iuries and Grand Iuries, with much ſtrife,
Giue vp (for *Theeues*) a Verdict, Death or Life.

So

So as mens fancies euidence doe giue,
The ſhame or fame of Bookes, to dye or liue:
And as the verieſt *Thiefe* may haue ſome friend,
So the worſt Bookes, ſome knaue will ſtill defend.
As *Theeues* their condemnation muſt abide, (ly'd.
Bookes are deem'd true ſometimes, ſometimes be-
As *Theeues* are iudged, ſo haue Bookes agen,
As many Cenſures (almoſt) as are men.
And as their faults are different in degree, (we ſee,
Some *Theeues* are hang'd, ſome Bookes are burnt
Some *Theeues* are for their ſmall offences whip't,
All Bookes are Preſt, except a *Manuſcript*.
As *Theeues* are buried, when the Law is paid,
So ſome Bookes in obliuions graue are laid.
The Iaylors keepe the *Theeues*, and much regards
The ſtrength of fetters, Locks, bolts, grates & wards,
And will know when and how abroad they goe,
And vnto Bookes the Stationers * are ſo.
Still *Bookes* and *Theeues* in one conceit doe ioyne:
For, if you marke them, they are all for coyne.
Some *Theeues* exceeding braue a man may finde
In Sattin, and their Cloakes with Veluet linde:
And ſome *Bookes* haue gay coats vnto their backs
When as their inſides, goods and goodnes lacks.
Some *Bookes* are all betatter'd, torne and rent,
Some *Theeues* endure a ragged puniſhment.
Some *Theeues* may come (their ſorrowes to increaſe)
Before a ſhallow officer of Peace,
One that can Cough, call knaue, and with *non ſenſe*,
Commit, before he know for what offence:

* There is ods betwixt a Stationer and a Iaylor; the Stationer keepes Bookes againſt his will, the Iaylor holds Theeues with his will.

And ſo ſome *Bookes* to Coxcombs hands may come
Who can cry piſh, and mew, and tuſh, and hum,
Condemne ere they haue read, or throughly ſcand,
Abuſing what they cannot vnderſtand.
A *Booke* ſometime doth proue a *Thieues* true friend,
And doth preſerue him from a hanging end:
For let a man at any Seſſions looke,
And ſtill ſome *Thieues* are ſaued by their *Booke*.
Some *Thieues* are like a *Horne-booke*, and begin
Their A.B.C. of filching, with a Pin:
Their Primer is a point, and then their Pſalter,
May picke a Pocket, and come neere a Halter.
Then with long practice in theſe rudiments,
To breake a Houſe may be his Accidence;
And vſing of his skill (thus day by day)
By Grammer he may rob vpon the way,
Vntill at laſt, to weare (it be his hap)
A Tiburne Tippet, or old *Stories* Cap.
That is the high'ſt degree which they can take,
An end to all their Studies there they make:
For amongſt *Thieues*, not one amongſt a ſcore,
If they be rais'd ſo high, they'le ſteale no more.
Thus the compariſons hold ſtill you ſee,
To *Whores* and *Thieues*, *Bookes* may compared be.
All are like Actors, in this wauering Age,
They enter all, vpon the worlds great Stage:
Some gaine applauſe, and ſome doe act amiſſe,
And *exit* from the Scaffold with a Hiſſe.
Now if my *Whore* or *Thiefe* play well their parts,
Giue them their due, applaud their good deſerts.

If

If ill, To *New-gate* hiſſe them, or *Bridewell*,
To any place, *Hull*, *Halliſax* or Hell.
And thus the *Thiefe* and *Booke* ioyne both in one;
Both hauing made an E N D, they both haue

DONE.

Thus hauing treated ſufficiently of *Whores* and *Whoring*, and of *Thieues* and *Thieuing*, I doe purpoſe ſhortly, to ſet forth a Pamphet, in the Commendation of *Iaylors* and *Iayles*, with the neceſſity of Hanging, and the Hangmans Art or Myſtery, compendiouſly deſcribed.

FINIS.